

No Trigger

"The (Not So) Noble Purveyors Of The Third Or Fourth Coming"

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One time was not enough. Fourteen and lost, combing
through the jungle sounds.
The taste hit buds and got stuck like a desert island
citizen. Irony settles the feeling
of unease, I mean check it out, there's a decade on the
way. It's all been done and done
again and like hell am I changing. We got the tools you
got the job, it's where we both
belong. It's all been done and done again and like hell
am I changing. We got the tools
you got the job. It's where we both belong. Let's catch
up. We're wading deep and smiling
wide, pan in water, sifting what we find. We're not
leaving here empty-handed. It's all been
done and done again and like hell am I changing. We
got the tools you got the job, it's where
we both belong. It's all been done and done again and
like hell am I changing. We got the tools
you got the job, it's where we both belong. It's where we
both belong.

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